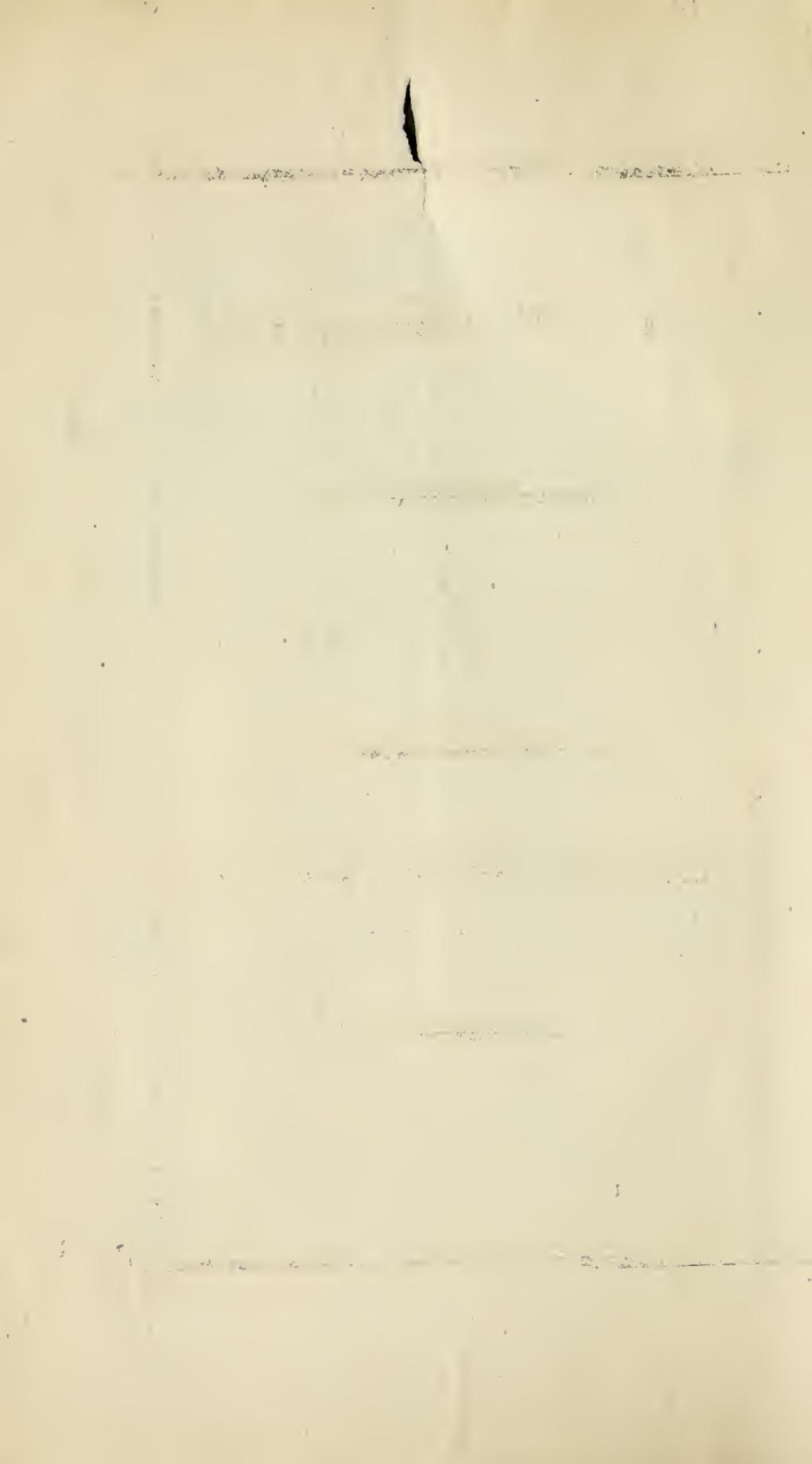


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# In Memoriam.

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PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

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Obsequies at Elizabethtown, New York,

September 26th, 1881.

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ELIZABETHTOWN, N. Y.  
POST & GAZETTE PRINT.  
1881.

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O B S E Q U I E S .  
OF  
P R E S I D E N T G A R F I E L D  
AT  
**Elizabethtown, N. Y., September 26, 1881.**

Pursuant to previous notice the inhabitants of Elizabethtown and vicinity met at the Court House, to take part in the services of the day on occasion of the burial of PRESIDENT GARFIELD. The Court House was filled to overflowing.

HON. RICHARD LOCKHART HAND, President of the village, called the meeting to order with the following opening remarks :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—On this most beautiful afternoon of the declining Summer, when the death, within our midst, of one who has so long been a revered and beloved pastor,\* adds new pathos to the solemnities of the hour, the duty is assigned to me of calling this meeting to order and explaining briefly the occasion of assembling ourselves together.

But how little need is there of any explanation. How unnecessary to say, to this assembly, among whom I recognize faces that have confronted death without a tremor, now blanched with emotion, and eyes that have shone but with a clearer, steadier light amid the crash and peril of the battle field, now seeing these emblems of our mourning dimly through the mist of tears ; at this solemn moment, while the world is holding its breath to catch a faint echo of the

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\*The allusion here, and afterwards, made is to the REV. GEORGE W. BARROWS, for 18 years Pastor of the 1st Congregational Church in Elizabethtown, who died on the morning of the 26th September.

earth that falls upon the coffin of our murdered President —how unnecessary is it to say that we are met to give expression to our inexpressible grief—our horror of the crime, since now, for the second time within the memory almost of children, a president of the United States has been assassinated ;—our bitter shame that among all the sons of the Republic, there could have been found one, even one, so base, so traitorous, so devilish as to be capable of this foul deed.

Too well we know that, in this sad hour, while we are gathered here, the poor, wounded, wasted, mortal part of him, whom living the whole world had learned to love ; whom dead, the whole world mourns, is to be consigned to its last resting place in that beautiful God's acre at Cleveland. Ah, sweet must be the sleep of him, upon whose grave shall rest the tenderest regard of all civilized peoples, poured out in ceaseless benediction, as softly and as lavishly as is the gentle warmth of God's own sunshine.

Since this meeting was called, proclamations have appeared, by President Arthur and Governor Cornell, calling upon the people to meet at this time, "to render their tribute of sorrowful submission to the Will of Almighty God and of reverence and love for the memory and character of our late Chief Magistrate," and to unite in prayer "for the comfort and support of the afflicted relatives ; for the peace and welfare of our country, and also for the preservation and guidance of the newly installed President."

The meeting, therefore, which was the spontaneous impulse of our citizens, has now the added sanction of official appointment.

But none the less do we gather under the prompting of a common sorrow, to share with each other our grief. And while we meet, let no thought of the bearing of this awful event upon human hopes and plans be present to our minds ; let every trace of partisan feeling be far distant from us ; let the spirit of faction be humbled to the dust, while every heart but feels the great, the common loss. If the dead had faults—and he was human—let them be buried in his grave. His many virtues we may gladly recount and dwell upon ; and his patient suffering and cruel end shall consecrate him in our memories, while time shall last.

I do not attempt any eulogy of the dead, but the career of JAMES A. GARFIELD was one of deep, indeed, romantic interest. Born to poverty and adversity, an adversity so complete and bitter that he is said, I suppose truly, to

have occupied, at one period of his early life, that lowest possible plane of social existence, the position of a canal driver, there was that within him which lifted him above every obstacle, crowned him with manhood, culture and honor, until

"Through camp and count he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror ;"

and was, by the unquestioned choice of this people, placed upon the very summit of human achievement—the Presidency of the United States.

The story of his life may aptly be expressed in the proud old motto: "*Per Aspera ad Astra*;" Through difficulties to the stars.

*Per Aspera ad Astra.* With what a deeper, nobler meaning are these words fraught, when our thoughts turn to the last months of his earthly experience—to those weary days and nights of suffering, when the prayers of millions wrestled with the Angel of Death, crying in agony: "We will not let thee go, till thou dost promise to spare him;" while his calm, his courage, his heroic endurance, his consideration for others taught us that his manhood was the genuine manhood, Christlike in its self denial, its patience, its gentleness.

In such an hour as this, it is idle to speculate upon the meaning of so great a calamity. We can only stand aghast and exclaim: "Oh Lord, why hast Thou permitted this thing?" But in the very depth of our grief, there comes one consolation to our hearts, that in all his sufferings—during the weary days of his pain and illness, he was soothed and cheered by the consciousness that on him were centered the love and sympathy of every man, woman and child in this broad land—your sympathy and mine—your love and mine.

Citizen, Soldier, Statesman, Patriot; embalmed in our affections through suffering; canonized by martyrdom; thy honor shall remain while the republic lives; thy untimely end shall be deplored while civilization endures.

But you are impatient to listen to those, who, from better knowledge of his virtues and better ability to express what we all feel, will give that utterance to our emotions which my tongue is unequal to.

It only remains for me, then, to announce, that a brief and simple religious service is proposed; after which gentlemen present, abundantly qualified to do so, will address you.

At the close of MR. HAND's remarks and on his motion HON. BYRON POND was appointed Chairman, and on taking the chair addressed the audience as follows :

My FRIENDS :—My own inclination would lead me to remain a quiet listener upon this occasion, but in a time like this of universal suffering and grief I may not wholly decline the duty assigned me.

Again are we called upon to participate in the ceremonies and services of a funeral affecting our entire country. Again has our nation been thrown into the shades of mourning by the work of an assassin. GARFIELD, our beloved President, is dead. The fatal result which for many weeks all have feared, but which all so earnestly prayed might be averted, has occurred, and it only remains for the living to consign the dead to mother earth and to treasure up and bear in remembrance the good deeds and virtues of the departed, to the end that the world may be the better for his having lived.

The whole civilized world is in sympathizing unison with us, as shown by countless tender messages from all quarters. Human impulse would prompt us to a hearty judgment upon the guilty author of the great crime we deplore, but it seems unfit that we should here dwell upon the subject, and rather that the constituted authorities or tribunals of the land should be left free scope, unaffected by popular expressions. No other course is safe. Vengeance is not ours.

Feeling and knowing my utter inability to properly deal with the subject, I leave to others present more competent, the duty and pleasure of speaking, in fitting terms, as to the life, the character, the sufferings and death of the illustrious dead.

On motion of MR. HAND, AUGUSTUS C. HAND LIVINGSTON and ROBERT HALE KELLOGG, Esqr's, were appointed Secretaries.

On the request of the Chairman the REVEREND ERSKINE L. ARNOLD led the audience in the following prayer :

O Lord, our Heavenly Father, Thou who "hast been our dwelling place in all generations" even "before the mountains were brought forth," we look to Thee for comfort and consolation to day. For we are in the midst of deep sorrows as individuals and as a nation. There are some in

our immediate midst whose hearts are bleeding from the wounds that the angel of death hath so recently made. We pray thy blessing upon her, whom death hath robbed of a loving husband, and the church that has been deprived of the ministrations of a faithful pastor. Bless and comfort them, and this entire community, in this great bereavement, and sanctify this dispensation of thy providence to the good of us all.

Bless our country O, Lord, as she sits in mourning to-day, and may we come out from under the dark cloud of afflictions a wiser, happier and better people than we have ever been before.

Bless, O Lord, the newly installed President of these United States; may he be a man of God, ruling in the fear of God, ruling not to satisfy the caprices of a few, but ruling for the good of the whole people.

We pray Thy blessing upon all in authority, from our Chief Magistrate down through all of the grades of office in the State and Nation. Help us to be watchful and prayerful, and help us to be in subjection to those in authority over us and "to speak evil of no man."

Again, O Lord, we pray Thee bless our mourning nation, comfort her in this hour of sore affliction. Be pleased to come very near to the grief stricken family of our deceased President. Bless that widowed mother who has stood so heroically and patiently by our fallen Chieftain during the long weeks of pain and suffering; comfort and keep her now, may she find that Thy grace is sufficient for her.

Care for the children O Lord. Thou who hast promised to be a father to the fatherless, bless and keep these precious children, and may they grow up to emulate the illustrious example the father hath left them. Comfort them all in the lonely hours that will follow this sad event. Bless the aged mother of the deceased President and keep her in her declining years. Forgive us of all our individual and national sins, and help us to live holier and more devoted lives to Thee in the future. And unto Thee will we give all praise in Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.

MR. ARNOLD then read as the Scripture Lessons, the 90th Psalm ; 2 Corinthians, 5: 1-4 ; 1 Thess. 4: 13-18.

On the invitation of the Chair, HON. ROBERT SAFFORD  
HALE addressed the meeting as follows :

To day, and at this very hour at that beautiful city on the shore of one of our great inland seas, they commit to the earth—dust to dust—the body of our beloved and murdered President.

A vast and solemn multitude, doubtless in numbers surpassing all precedent on a like occasion on this continent, is there gathered to attest their love, their honor and their reverence for the great and noble soul which has passed away. Amid all the solemn pageantry befitting the occasion, the hearts of that great crowd throb as the heart of one man, with grief and sympathy and love.

And not only at Cleveland, but all over this wide land, in its great cities, its villages, its hamlets even, and in its secluded and humble homesteads and farm houses, the mourning of a nation to-day finds its fitting expression.

In this our little quiet village, sheltered in this lovely valley by the grand old mountains about us, we meet to add our humble but heartfelt tribute to this universal voice of the grief of a great people, though it be but as the addition of a grain of sand to the endless ocean beaches.

In the brief remarks I have to make, I shall confine myself to a large extent to personal reminiscences. And if the good taste or propriety of those references should be questioned by any, I can only say that speaking as I do to my friends and neighbors, mainly strangers to the person of our lamented President, but who during his long and patient and heroic endurance of wasting pain, have come to know and love and honor him with a feeling of personal affection, these personal recollections, linking him as they do to others whom we have known and loved and honored, cannot fail in my judgment to be of greater interest than anything else I could say.

A little more than sixteen years ago, on the 20th April 1865, we met in this village on an occasion strikingly similar to the present, to do honor to the memory of another loved and murdered President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Many of us here to-day vividly recall the scenes of that day. The religious services were conducted by our beloved pastor, the REVEREND GEORGE W. BARROWS, who this very day in this village has been called to his reward, his body lying unburied in his own house as we are gathered here to day. Another who took part in the proceedings of that day,

JUDGE HANB, passed away full of years and honors but three years ago.

There was still another, an intimate personal friend of PRESIDENT LINCOLN, tied to him by close personal friendship of many years, whose remarks on that occasion can hardly pass from the memories of those who heard them. ORLANDO KELLOGG, with that native eloquence and pathos in which few men were his equal, uttered with broken voice and trembling lips his words of accurate appreciation and eulogy of the President, warmed and inspired by his personal love and profound respect for the man. Many were the streaming eyes in that audience as MR. KELLOGG spoke, and the speaker himself, at times, broken down by his emotions and the thoughts that crowded upon him, was compelled to pause and recover himself, even as "Father Dalton," in Whittier's exquisite poem,

"Sobbed through his prayer and wept in turn."

Only four months later we followed that great hearted speaker to his grave, cut off in the very vigor of his life and the midst of his usefulness.

In December 1865, I first made the acquaintance of GEN. GARFIELD at Washington, he then being a member of the House of Representatives.

On the 20th of that month, it fell to my lot as the successor of Mr. KELLOGG in Congress, to announce his death on the floor of the House, and that occasion is the one of my first distinct and clear recalling of GEN. GARFIELD, though I had certainly made his acquaintance before that.

I shall never forget how at the conclusion of the addresses GEN. GARFIELD came to me, and with what cordial earnestness he thanked me for my tribute to the memory of Mr. KELLOGG, at the same time expressing in fit words his own appreciation of Mr. KELLOGG's character, and the love and esteem he bore him.

This was substantially the beginning of our acquaintance, so that the memory of ORLANDO KELLOGG, and the love we in common bore him, formed the first connecting link between him whom we to-day mourn and myself.

From that time on till April 1866, I knew GEN. GARFIELD as a hearty, genial, true man; a laborious and useful member of the House, of large and ready resources, actively interested in every question of importance before Congress, and taking a free part in the discussions of that body. But I had yet to learn his great gifts as an orator,

his exquisite poetical taste, his deep feeling, and in short his genuine manhood and greatness of soul.

On the 14th April 1866, the first anniversary of the assassination of PRESIDENT LINCOLN, immediately after the opening services of the session, GEN. GARFIELD took the floor and moved that the house adjourn in honor of the memory of MR. LINCOLN.

The brief remarks he made, not exceeding some ten minutes in all, were so full of genuine feeling and eloquence, and contained so much that is to day applicable to his own case, that I trust I may be pardoned for making some brief extracts from them. Among other things he said :

"The last five years have been marked by wonderful developments of individual character. Thousands of our people, before unknown to fame, have taken their places in history, crowned with immortal honors. In thousands of humble homes are dwelling heroes and patriots, whose name shall never die. But greatest among all these great developments were the character and fame of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose loss the nation still deplores. His character is aptly described in the words of England's great Laureate—written thirty years ago—in which he traces the upward steps of some—

Divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began,  
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes, by force, his merit known,  
And lives to clutch the golden keys ;  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And moving up, from high to higher,  
Becomes, on Fortune's crowning slope,  
The pillar of a People's hope,  
The centre of a World's desire."

Then after a brief allusion to the circumstances of MR. LINCOLN's death, its significance and its surroundings, he proceeded :—

"It remains for us, consecrated by that great event and under a covenant with God, to keep that faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed. Following the lead of that great man, and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember that—

He has sounded forth a trumpet that shall never call retreat ;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;  
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant my feet,  
For God is marching on !"

From that time forward for some twelve years my intimacy with GEN. GARFIELD grew and strengthened from year to year. The time allotted me forbids that I should go further into detail, but I may be permitted to give this hasty and imperfect summing up of my estimate of his character.

Genial and winning in manner to an extent which is given to few, there was about him a frankness and sunniness of nature, an inborn heartiness and cordiality, grounded deep in thorough human sympathy and love of his kind, and controlled by an exquisite perception of fitness and propriety and the truest instincts of the gentleman, which made him in his personal relations the most popular and best loved man among his personal acquaintances it was ever my fortune to know in public life.

His intellect was a broad one, and his culture thorough and well nigh universal. His career too had been one of very wide range; scholar, statesman, soldier, teacher, preacher, lawyer; well informed in science, literature, polities, history, finance, political economy, few men had his marvellous equipment for public service. Doubtless there have been more accomplished scholars, greater statesmen, more distinguished soldiers, more profound teachers and preachers, more thorough lawyers, men his superior in attainments in science, in literature, in history, in polities, in the laws of finance and political economy, but rare indeed have been those who took high rank as he did in all these. The words which Dr. Johnson applied to Oliver Goldsmith, are with a slight change, more applicable to him than to any other public man whom I have known:—

“Qui nullum sere *doctrinar* genus non tetigit;  
“Nullum, quod tetigit, non ornavit.”

Nor can I dwell upon the circumstances of his cruel assassination; of his long and painful and weary wasting away, so heroically and so patiently borne; of the tender love of friends that surrounded his bedside from the time of his wound to the moment of his death; above all, of that sublime and loving devotion, that self-sacrificing and self-forgetting endurance and love shown by his faithful wife, henceforth forever to be reckoned among the best, the truest and the greatest of women.

But high above all other high and noble traits of his character which I have mentioned, enlightening and vivifying and adding lustre to them all, constituting the real

and ultimate ground work and foundation of the man, and marking him as of the very highest type of humanity, was his thoroughly religious character, his simple and unswerving Christian faith, which made his whole life noble and symmetrical, from the time when I first knew him, down to the moment when but a little week ago he passed "out of the darkness into God's marvellous light."

Cicero, the great orator of pagan Rome, declared nigh two thousand years ago, that death could never come dishonorable to a brave man, untimely to one who had attained the highest honors of the state, or pitiable to the wise man. If to this he could have added that to the Christian, brave and wise and elevated to the highest honors, with every duty of life nobly performed, or at least nobly attempted, death could come neither dishonorable, untimely or pitiable, he would have well summed up the conclusion of the life of JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

At the conclusion of JUDGE HALE's remarks the REV-  
EREED SEWALL SYLVESTER CUTTING, D.D., of Brooklyn, N.  
Y., on the call of the Chair, addressed the meeting as  
follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS:—I hesitate to speak after listening to the remarks to which, with such profound and pathetic interest, you have been listening with me. I must, nevertheless, by saying a few words, fulfill the promise I have made to the gentlemen having the charge of the arrangements for this meeting. And the first remark I wish to make is, that a religious commemoration is in harmony with the character and life of our departed President. This is a religious commemoration, not alone by the fact that the scriptures have been read and prayer has been offered here, —not alone by the fact that the proclamations of the President and the Governor call us to religious observances,—but in the very sentiment which brings us together, and which assembles our people in city, town and hamlet over the whole land, to bow to the Divine Will, and to implore the Divine blessing. It accords with the character and life of our President that it should be so. He was a Christian from his youth, his piety gentle and unobtrusive, but always sincere and controlling. In referring to this subject allow me to read a newspaper paragraph which a lady has placed in my hands. It is in these words:

"A class mate of the President said at a Williamstown prayer meeting to-day : 'Twenty-six years ago to-night, and at this very hour, our class were on the top of Greylock to spend the night of the 4th of July. As we were about to lie down to sleep, GARFIELD took out his pocket Testament and said : "I am in the habit of reading a chapter every night at this time with my mother. Shall I read aloud ?" All assented, and when he had read, he asked the oldest member of the class to pray. And there in the night on the mountain-top, we prayed with him for whom we have now assembled to pray.'"

This little incident points to a habit of life. It was his Christian faith which interpenetrated and determined his character. It ran through his being, and formed an absolutely essential part of the whole man. It is therefore perfectly in place that our commemoration of him should be equally suffused and inspired by sentiments of religion,—that our people mourning his departure should surrender him by ceremonies of Christian faith and hope.

And next it seems a fitting thing to say, often as it has been said, that in him were personified the possibilities of our American life. I was in Europe at the time of his nomination and election to the Presidency, and in reply to inquiries made of me by foreigners as to what was the man on whom this high dignity had fallen, I took unbounded pleasure in reciting the story of his life, and in showing its accord with the genius of our institutions, and the character of our people. When I recited the story of GARFIELD I never failed to find interested listeners, but there was a wonder in the interest, which in this land of boundless opportunities for all men, we never feel. GENERAL GARFIELD was accustomed to say that "it was always the unexpected which happened to him." It was characteristically modest in him so to estimate himself and his career, but I think on the contrary that just that was always happening to him which was in the natural order of things under our institutions. He was a thoughtful boy and had a mind to learning, and so like many other thoughtful boys born to poverty, he struggled through great difficulties in the first stages of his education. So, like many other young men, in instances so numerous that all college men know them, he worked his way, struggling with equal difficulties, through college. By this time he had matured and exhibited the qualities which distinguished him. A member of a religious denomination not abounding in educated men, it was only most natural that he should be called back to be a teacher in the Ohio school in which he had been a pupil, and only most natural that he should be made within a year its President. Al-

ready he had developed powers of oratory, and he was in request as a lay preacher; already the breadth of his knowledge, and the harmony of his political convictions with those of the remarkable population of the Western Reserve, by a process as natural, brought into request his political services.

When the war came on, he went to the army under the same inspirations which sent such large numbers of educated young men to the field, and now, as he entered on his great career it is seen by the study of its successive steps from high to higher, that it was always the natural thing which was happening;—that it was the recognition of his qualities and powers; and achievements which lifted him; which from the army transferred him without his seeking to Congress; which then gave him foremost place for a long series of years; which there elected him to the Senate, and which in the Chicago Convention, when nobody designated for nomination could be nominated, concentrated on him, as the sole ruler of that tumultuous assemblage, the unanimous designation for the highest elective office in the world. Once given the man, there was not one step, in all the way from the log house in which he was born, to the lofty station from which he fell by a murderer's hand, which was not a natural one, under the institutions which God has given to us, the American people, for our inheritance.

And I think it is this view of his life which should make him forever an example for the emulation of American youth. It is the example of elevation by character and work, in a land where opportunities are free, and open alike to all. I think the example the more an inspiration from the fact that he himself never lost the interest in the young, which in his earlier life had made him the successful teacher. I was honored by PRESIDENT GARFIELD with an appointment on the Board of Visitors to the Naval Academy, and on the graduation day the 10th of June last, three weeks before the murderer's fatal shot, heard his address to the graduating class of Naval Cadets. It was a most remarkable address. It was an address in which all the qualities of the man came into expression, and in which therefore his own nature and the experiences of his own life, lent force to his words. No man who was not Christian, educated man, educator, statesman and man of affairs, no man who had not known and profited by the stern discipline of life, could have uttered the words which came from his lips, or have sent them with such force to the heart. It was the common feeling of those who heard him, little imagining

that he was speaking his last counsels to the young, that these words should be an inspiration forever in the hearts of all the young men who listened to him. So ought he to be, and so may he be forever, an inspiration and an example to American youth.

I have detained you too long, Mr. Chairman and friends, and I have but one word more to say. In his infinite wisdom God has denied our prayers for the PRESIDENT'S life, but he has answered them in another way. It is often his gracious method. He spared him to us through many weeks till the lessons of our unutterable bereavement should have become impressed on our hearts. Neither our public men, nor our politicians, nor our people, are exactly what they were twelve weeks ago. We are chastened, made sober, and united. May God help us that we forget not what we have been taught.

Following DR. CUTTING, HON. FRANCIS ASBURY SMITH spoke as follows :

MR. CHAIRMAN :—A little more than sixteen years ago, we held a meeting like this. Then, a nation's shout of triumph was changed to grief, by LINCOLN's death ; and with trailing arms and muffled drums, our armies came home from a hundred victories; now, in the sweet time of peace which their valor won, the bells toll again for the dead, one grand funeral procession marches across the continent, as the sun goes down, and henceforth, mourning must cloud the nation's proudest festival.

After a life of struggle, LINCOLN saw only from the mountain top, and dimly through the smoke of war, the land of promise; GARFIELD lived to dwell in its fields and taste its fruits; but Fate is impartial, and eighty days of pain and heroic endurance have made LINCOLN and GARFIELD equally martyrs, Booth and Guiteau, equally infamous.

It is fitting that we should mourn for one so brave, so great, so good; fitting, that we should join in the universal sympathy with the grief of a despairing mother and a widowed wife; fitting, above all, that by our estimate of his life and character, we should learn the full measure of our loss, and the only consolation for the millions who mourn at his grave.

I do not assume to speak his eulogy, much less to judge of his place in history; far abler and wiser men must do that.

But we know many things of him, which neither time nor criticism can change.

What mother ever had a truer son? What wife, a tenderer husband? What children, a more loving father? What man, a more steadfast friend? He was a citizen without reproach, a Representative without stain; as a politician, he lacked only those qualities which sometimes lift into brief notice, little men; as a Statesman, he takes rank among the few who have outgrown the theories of the demagogue and the trimmer, and proclaimed to the world that widest and grandest of political truths,—that the State can be safely guided only by the law of equal justice—“the everlasting Right.”

For years a leader in the national council, he stood, in mental power so much above most, so much more firmly upon fundamental principles, that his judgment was respected by all, and on questions of great moment, was often endorsed alike by political adherents and opponents.

His life and successful work, his rapid ascent from the narrowest influence to world-wide fame, prove the truth of the growing belief that success in American public life, can be securely based only on high intellectual endowments and genuine moral worth.

That such a life and character must serve as a funeral theme to day, shows how great is our loss; but when we consider how, and why he died, language utterly fails to speak our grief. His courage conquered everything but death; his patience and his cheerfulness through sufferings that no man can measure, have made the most pathetic page in history—a page which the world already knows by heart, and will not soon forget.

But there is consolation even here. He was the pure flower and ripe fruit of American development and progress. No other land could have produced him; no other, can learn so well the lesson taught by his life: where, but in a land where equal laws give equal rights, does the citizen born in poverty and obscurity, rise to a station prouder and higher than kings can reach? where else, do all noble youth find in adversity itself, the strongest incentive to great deeds,—in his career, such inspiration?

In the chronicles of time, mere intellect counts for little; ambition, achievement, success, however great, are soon forgotten, if they serve but to gild a triumph, or decorate a name. In this nineteenth century, at last, we begin to learn that the only greatness worthy of recognition and

lasting remembrance, is the service of humanity. Already, half the world has forgotten *Austerlitz* and *Blenheim*; It will never forget Yorktown and Appomattox.

And this is why GARFIELD is great; this, the lesson his life teaches. No word of his ever hinted compromise with injustice or oppression. From Chickamauga to the Presidential chair, he stood fighting on the side of Liberty and of Right, serving himself best, by serving others most. Such service will perpetuate his name; For this, pilgrims to the tombs of American martyrs, will uncover their heads at GARFIELD'S grave, on their way to LINCOLN'S.

We "hear at times a sentinel  
"Who moves about from place to place,  
"And whispers to the worlds of space  
"In the deep night, that all is well.

"And all is well, though faith and form  
"Be sundre<sup>l</sup> in the night of fear:  
"Well roars the storm to those that hear  
"A deeper voice across the storm,

"Proclaiming social truth shall spread,  
"And justice, ev'n though thrice again  
"The red fool-fury of the Seine  
"Should pile her barricades with dead.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"While thou, dear spirit, happy star,  
"O'er look'st the tumult from afar,  
"And smilest, knowing all is well.

The Chair then called upon the REVEREND ASHBEL GREEN VERMILYE, D.D. of New York, who made the following remarks :

MR. CHAIRMAN:—The historian of ancient Rome tells us that, as one of its customary observances, once every year all business was suspended, life itself, as it were, stood still in the presence of death. They thus, in a way befitting its work, recognized it as the great destroyer of man and his hopes, subjecting all classes alike to tears. This day reminds us of that; but that Roman festival of death never reached the proportions of sadness and sorrow which characterize the hour and the day now passing—passing, as one marked, peculiar and alone in its scenes, into the annals of history. From the Atlantic to the Pacific all business is suspended, all life is stilled into the silence of sorrow; a nation, a continent, in mourning and black, bemoans

its dead : and the mourning in the land is with each and all as if they themselves had been afflicted. Across the ocean, also, how wonderful the spectacle ! The courts of England, Belgium and Spain, are wearing sympathetic mourning ; the World's great exchange in London is closed ; Cathedral bells and Parish bells, that never before tolled at the death of a foreigner, are proclaiming by their stroke England's fellowship of grief ; her Queen sends her own personal tribute of flowers for the bier ; and all the civilized World, we may almost say, is following that bier, with utterly unusual signs of sorrow. And for whom, for whose death, is this great lament, and what is it that has so stirred the World's sympathies and condolence ? It is for a man whose name, six months ago, was scarcely known abroad—only known, perhaps, as that of our elected President ; but who, during eighty days of that six months, has fought his slow and terrible battle with death, in such a way as to enshrine his name in every heart, and to reveal him to the World as, what he was, one of its greatest and noblest—Christian, hero, martyr. Cicero, Sir, in some one of his books says of some who had died heroically upon the battlefield, that the Gods had not despoiled them of life, but *given* them death. We may say the same, as Christians, of GARFIELD that God has *given* him death. He might have lived to reveal himself as a statesman and President of high aims and noble endowments, and thus have conquered a place among the illustrious. That fame the assassin's bullet snapped in the midst, ungrown. But after being tried—as the ancient Greek dialogue said the perfect man should be, even to the cross—tried to the utmost, in youth, manhood and especially the closing scene, God gave him death. How the World hung around that closing scene, watching every bulletin, every flutter of the changing pulse, as with quick instinct and growing love for his character, it discovered what a grand and heroic man lay therein his suffering ! God gave him death ; and to-day the image of this man fills the World's heart, and has become sacred.

It certainly tells well for our country and its institutions, that within the first century it has produced three such men as WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, and GARFIELD. WASHINGTON, indeed, had something about him of the old English culture, the culture of the colonial State, and of one born to affluence LINCOLN and GARFIELD were more direct and characteristic products of our institutions. We have been

accustomed hitherto to reverence our revolutionary ancestors, and to assign to them the pedestal of history. But we now see that democracy has wrought no degeneracy either in the manhood or the womanhood of the land. What an affecting triad in history will be GARFIELD, his noble wife, and the old mother—the old mother, receiving the first kiss at the inauguration, first always in the pious reverence of her son—the noble wife, during that long struggle for life nourishing from her own brave spirit the strength and the courage that were daily draining from his wound!

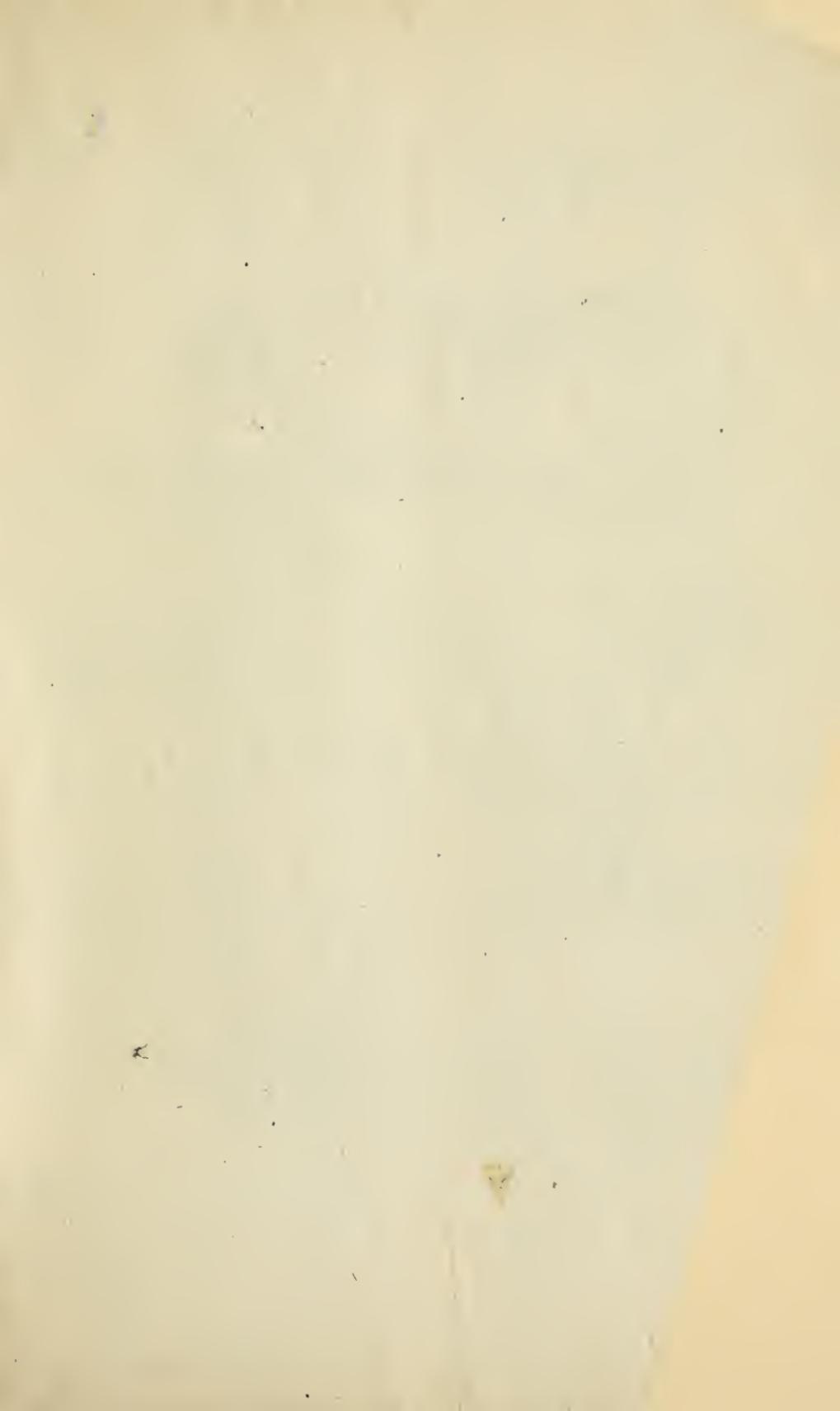
Surely, Sir, we do right to mourn that such a man as GARFIELD has been taken away. As a sentiment, true and deep as the feeling has been, from the Queen down through all classes, it will pass away. But there will remain this. The mourning of to day is for a man of the right sort—a man of grand character, whose whole history is a lesson. The verdict and the tears of the World—not ours only, have assigned him his place, and nothing in the future can change it. No Westminster is for him, even for his body; a broader resting place appropriately holds it, where the great lake rolls and the winds of the prairies blow freely—a resting place nearer and more akin to that broad humanity of which he was so noble a type. And humanity, Sir, understands the meaning of this closed life—the laborers of Britain, the peasants of Europe who cannot rise, have already committed it to heart. It is destined to be read and to be an inspiration for generations; whilst its tragic close—suddenly toppled from the lofty height into the whelming waters below—will ever make it a touching theme of history.

The meeting then closed by prayer and benediction by the REVEREND DR. CUTTING.

BYRON POND,  
*President.*

A. C. H. LIVINGSTON, }  
R. H. KELLOGG, } *Secretaries.*





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